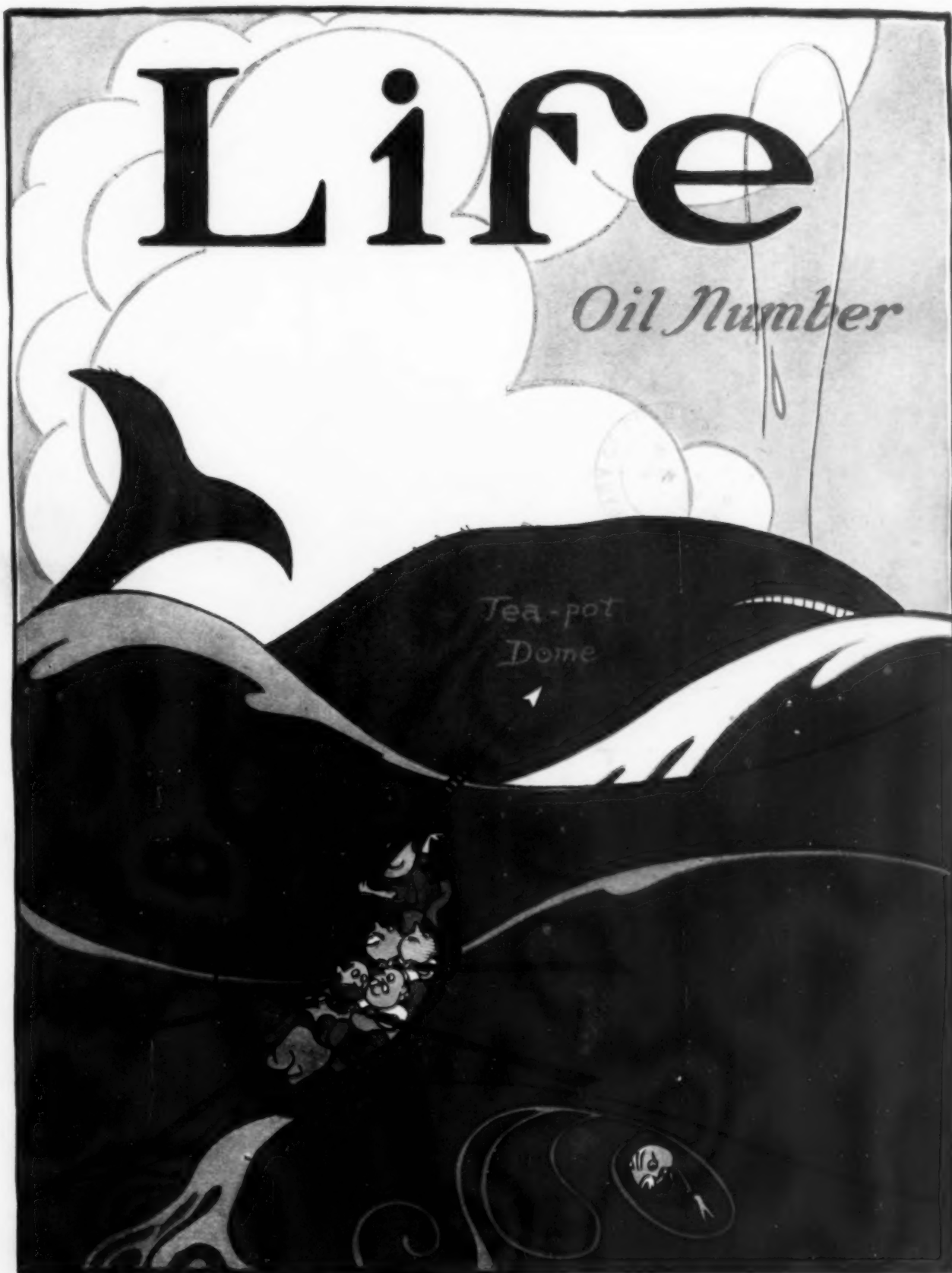


WAR PRIZE CONTEST—(INQUIRE WITHIN)

Life

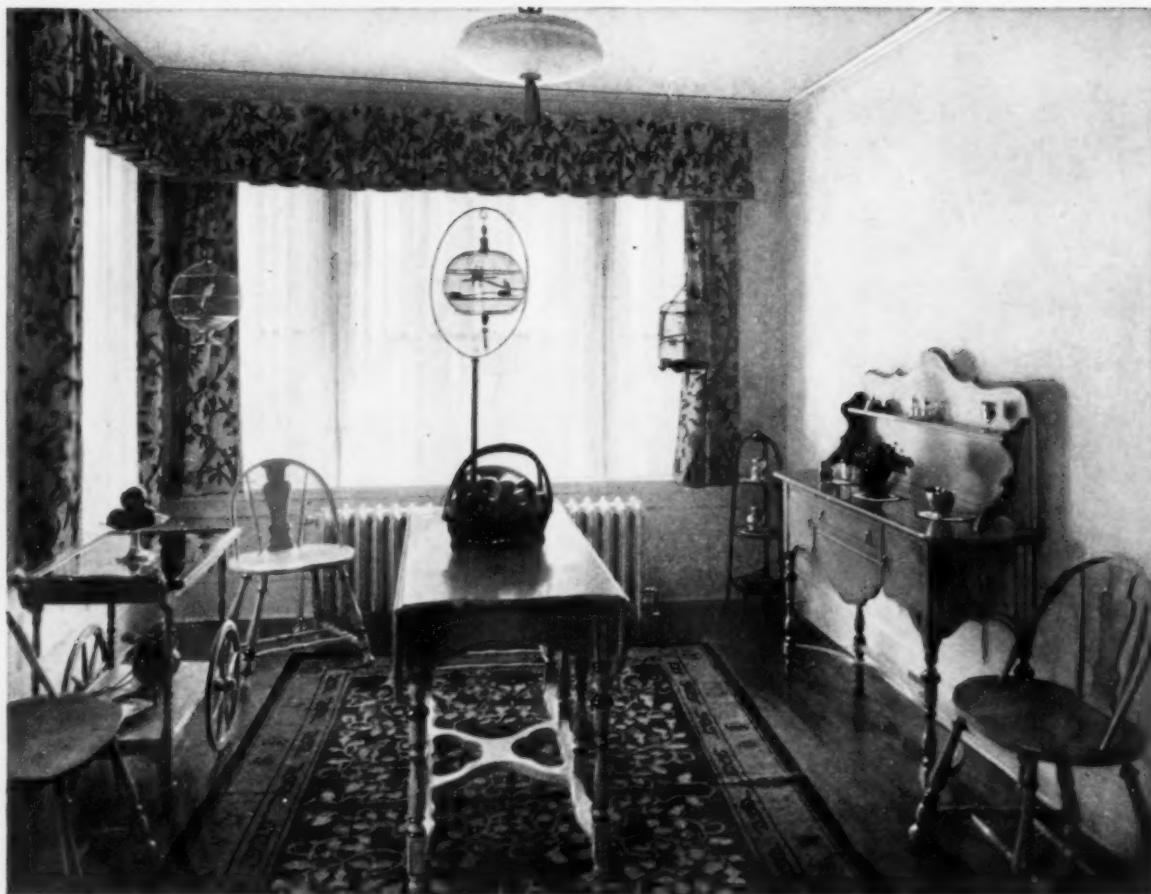
Oil Number



MARCH 6, 1924

Thar she blows!!

PRICE 15 CENTS



BREAKFAST—the zero hour

A VERY intelligent observer of modern life says that many domestic tragedies start at the breakfast table. All conversation should be forbidden, he says, until after ten o'clock.

But people who are comfortable are courteous; they grow heated only when they are cold.

There will be no misunderstandings in this breakfast room. The American Radiator under the window is connected with a boiler in the cellar, whose name—like its service—is Ideal.

This is IDEAL TYPE A which you can put in place of your old-fashioned heater and pay for out of the savings in your fuel bills. Write to our nearest office for a beautifully illustrated book.



IDEAL BOILERS and AMERICAN RADIATORS save coal

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

104 West 42d Street
New York

Dept. 58

816 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago

© Anco, 1924

The Vulnerable Heel

PROFESSOR BLOTTER of Columbia University, who invented the kind of concrete which is used nowadays in all the erasers on lead pencils, was the first one to attack the detached-heel problem with a view to correcting this universal annoyance.

"I discovered the habit in its most virulent form in our subways," said Dr. Blotter yesterday. "Some one walks up onto the back of your shoe and stands there. You walk away and leave your heel behind. The rest of the journey you go about on spikes, as if you were in a track meet.

"At first there was considerable opposition to my investigations on the part of the rubber heel industries. I learned that hundreds of the best heelers in the subway were directly under their control. Statistics show that they remove tons of leather heels every month.

"Discarding my original idea of crossing the leather heels with carrier pigeons as a bit visionary," continued Dr. Blotter, "I decided to adopt the simple method of attaching every heel to the rest of the shoe by a long elastic. Whenever it is stepped on, it will snap back into place as good as new.

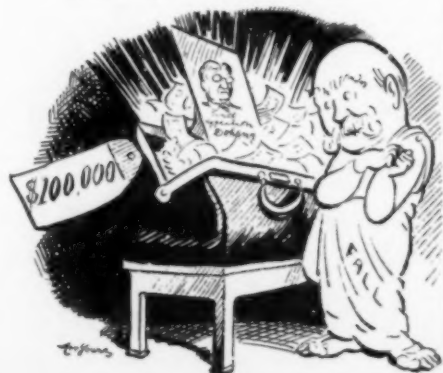
"In time," concluded Dr. Blotter, "I shall apply this same principle to rubbers."

C. H. F.

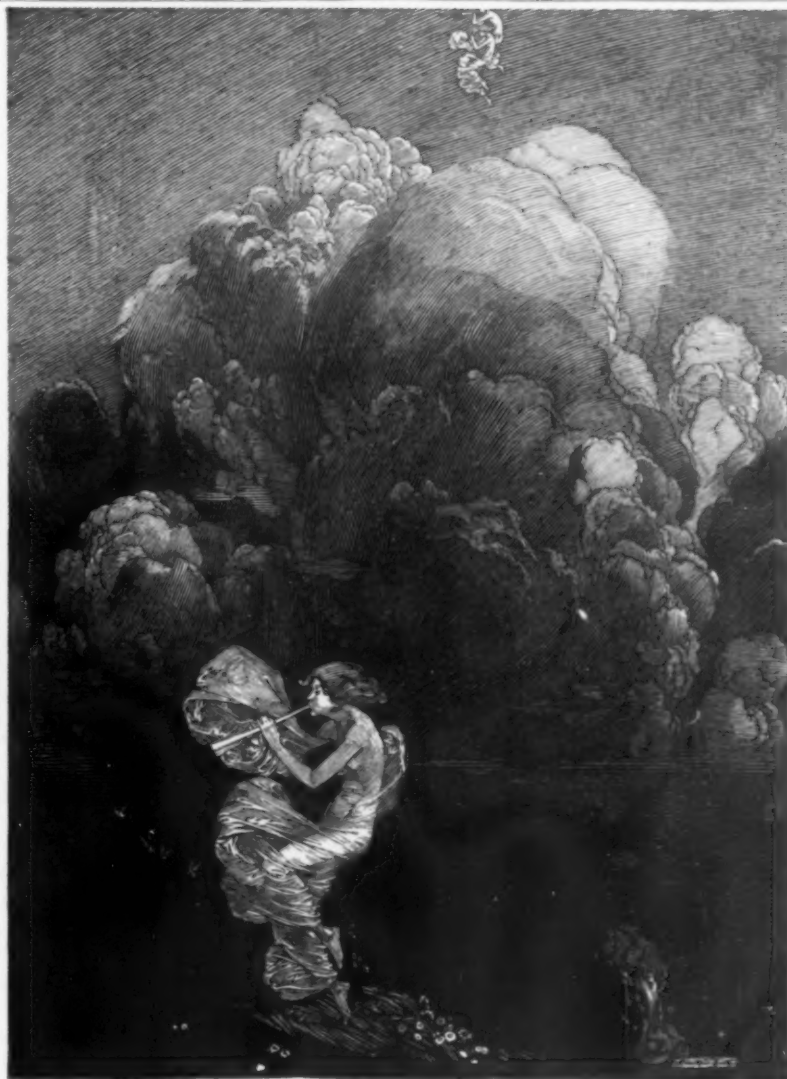
Haunted

A SOUTHERN Californian who had made a small fortune through renting his home for use by moving picture companies was visiting in the East.

"Do you know," he complained to one of his hosts, "that house of mine haunts me. I went into a moving picture theatre in Chicago, and there the house stood, with a burglar jimmying his way into my den. When I got to Cleveland, there it was again, and the cook was throwing a custard pie in the funny tramp's face. I thought I was rid of it when I reached Pittsburgh, but alas, there it was, with a bulldog chasing the rejected suitor out of the front door. In desperation I hurried on to New York, but I couldn't get away from it. There I found Jackie Coogan digging fishing worms in my garden!"



PANDORA'S SATCHEL.



Music is as essential to the home as books or flowers. Nearly every home has music in some form. But the lover of books asks something more than a shelf or two. He wants a library. The lover of flowers wants something more than a border. He wants a garden. And so, more and more lovers of music are installing in their homes the greatest musical instrument of the world, a pipe organ.

THE ESTEY PIPE ORGAN
Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vermont



“SELLING TALK”

WELL, folks, I've just pulled in on the Century with a line of goods for the spring trade that'll knock your eyes out. Don't tell me you haven't got time to look 'em over. Don't tell me you can get along without LIFE—I know different.

“Cast your eyes over this, for instance—the big ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER, with its ‘Two Harps That Beat as One’ cover. It'll be ready for distribution NEXT WEEK.

“Here's another—the BIG BUSINESS NUMBER—which is due to land on the news-stands March 20.—Do you remember the BURLESQUE NUMBER, and the SUNDAY

EDITION? Of course you do. Well, this one is in the same vein. It'll sell itself, just as the others did. If you're a tired business man (as who isn't?) this will sure wake you up.

“I've got a lot of other samples in the old brief case—the EASTER NUMBER, for April 3, and the BASEBALL NUMBER, for April 17—and don't forget the WAR PRIZE CONTEST that runs through them all. There'll be new and spicy developments on that every week.

“Meanwhile, why not buzz for your secretary and dictate the coupon in the corner of the page? The home office will handle your order promptly. Do it now.”

“1924 WILL REWARD SUBSCRIBERS”

Life

(Please take this coupon, Miss Er-ah-um)

LIFE Business Office,
598 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

DEAR SIR (no, better make it “Gentlemen”):

Your advertisement received and contents noted. In reply would say please ship me Trial Subscription as of even date, of 10/12 dozen weekly issues for One and no One-Hundredths Dollars (\$1.00; \$1.20 up Canada way; \$1.40 over in Europe). Money enclosed.

322

Yours, etc.,

On Schedule

ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER . .	March 13
BIG BUSINESS NUMBER . .	March 20
EASTER NUMBER	April 3
BASEBALL NUMBER	April 17

going to New York ?

A Friendly Hint Concerning Your Visit

THE biggest disappointment of traveling is the stiff, uninviting formality of a large hotel instead of the comfortable "hominess" everyone enjoys so well.

Because we realize that disappointment, we have developed a McAlpin staff whose motto is "Serve every guest so faithfully and so well that he will look forward to his next visit." Your wants are fulfilled with quiet, respectful diligence. Courtesy and kindness mark every service.

Mr. Arthur L. Lee personally will be glad to greet any of his guests, and with the unequalled McAlpin equipment and cuisine at your disposal, your visit will be a most happy experience.

As an indication of our good will, we will gladly send you, when making your reservation, a handy, up-to-date colored service map showing all subway, "L" and surface stations in the City. Ask for map L.

Arthur L. Lee, Managing Director

"The Center of Convenience"
Broadway at 34th Street
Hotel McAlpin

Does shaving leave your skin inflamed?

YOU need not fear the irritated burning after effect of a close shave if you use Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It not only softens the toughest beard quickly, but cools and refreshes the skin, and soothes annoying little tender spots. It leaves the skin smooth, healthy and cool, no matter how closely you shave. Recommended particularly for a tender skin.

If your druggist cannot supply you send 50 cents for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
138 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.

*There is Comfort
In Every Jar*



Faint Hearts

So whimsical her smile the while,
He cannot guess, he cannot know
If she be tropic as the Nile,
Or frigid as eternal snow.
In sooth, he cannot understand,
As in his own her palm she slips,
If he should merely kiss her hand,
Or dare to kiss her lips!

Oh, foolish doubt that sits upon
The wall that guards a pulsing
heart,
How many ladies might be won
If some magician would impart
A knowledge lovers might command—
A talisman to give them tips
On when to kiss a lady's hand,
And when to kiss her lips!

'Twere reckless to be overbold
With ladies that one cannot guess.
'Twere safe a doubtful hand to hold—
'Twere safe, perchance, that hand
to press.
And yet methinks that fair Romance
Must smile at him who bravely
grips
His trembling heart—and takes a chance
At kissing doubtful lips!

M. H. C.

Neighborhood News Note

OUR neighbors aren't speaking to us any more. They've just bought a car. It's rather good-looking, but, of course, it's nothing to turn snobbish over. And we've always been on such cordial terms. They were the egg-borrowers and we the butter-pests. I used his rake and he used my hoe. Everything was—well, so neighborly and nice. Isn't it funny the way a thing of this sort can turn the heads of the friendliest of people and change warm smiles to frosty grimaces? We've gone more than half-way to make up with them, to give them opportunities to be nice to us. But you might just as well try to warm' up to a school of icebergs. Even the baby turns up his nose when he gets a sight of us...

You wouldn't think that a little old six-cylinder automobile could estrange two families who had been friends for years, would you?

Why, we warned them that it had been driven over ten thousand miles when we sold it to them.

E. M. C.

Perhaps All Three!

"THERE goes a man who has never lost a case!"

"What is he—doctor, lawyer, or bootlegger?"

EVERY boy in the United States has an equal chance of becoming a brick-layer.

There's fun in making tobacco that brings such letters

The man who has found the right job, the right wife, and the right smoking tobacco has little reason to envy his fellows.

And some Edgeworth smokers write us as though the most important thing in life were the right tobacco.

We imagine that is because the right tobacco does make even the rightest job and the rightest wife seem a little bit righter.

That's why we enjoy making Edgeworth; and here's a letter from a seventeen-year Edgeworth smoker:

Larus & Bro. Co. Norfolk, Va.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Permit me to toss my hat into the Edgeworth ring.

I have always admired the modest tone in which you touch on the merits of your tobacco, instead of advertising it as the best pipe smoke on earth—as, in fact, I believe it to be.

Seventeen years ago my father saw a friend filling his pipe from a tin of Edgeworth Slice and asked for several slices to bring home to me. It is worthy of note that the package was attractive enough in itself to excite my father's interest in the first place; but when I

add that, so far as I am aware, he never used tobacco in any form during his entire life, it is still more remarkable.

Up to that time I was a member of the "Tried 'em All Club." Can I put any more steam behind this testimonial than to say that for seventeen years I haven't spent a dollar for any pipe tobacco other than Edgeworth? The Ready-Rubbed school of smokers enjoys my respect, but for me—give me Edgeworth Slice. Brother, it's a man's smoke and it stays with you!

Long may you make it and long may I smoke it.

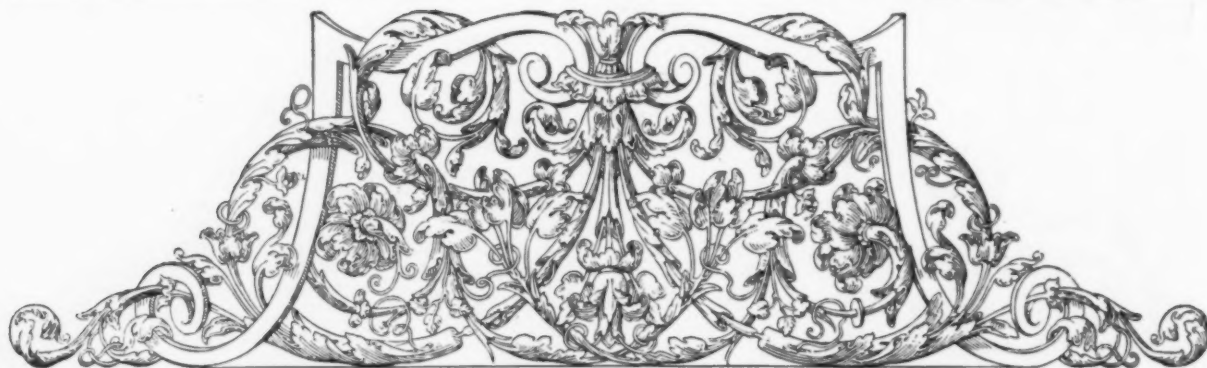
One of your boosters,
K. F. Chapman,
1407 Omohundro Ave.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed with our compliments.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.





Fame is the by-product of work well done. The sturdy leadership that Phoenix hosiery has earned in world sales is based upon the solid foundation of quality. Quality always! The fine hosiery we build for men, women and children must everywhere withstand the severest test of outstanding elegance and long-mileage endurance, or that leadership can not be maintained. Such is the responsibility of fame.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



MAR -4 1924

© C18610420

Life



JOHN SINGER SARGENT

A DEALER IN OILS OF WHOM *LIFE* IS JUSTLY PROUD



A TIMELY VISITATION BY THE DOVE OF PEACE

After the Tour

RUB: Did you see much poverty in Europe?

DUB: Yes, and I brought some of it back with me!

Still Speculative

TOURIST: Looks as if you were going to have a fine fruit crop.

FARMER: Too early to say. It's only been ruined twice so far this season.

Forward, March!

MY ideal month of the year is March. Radiators are through freezing, people with no sense of humor lose their hats, boys restrain that snowball impulse, rain cleans the city streets, the furnace loses its appetite, skirts fly like kites, gold sticks are given the once over, marriages look up, the sun shines for all and some of the flivvers go into the country.

Spring drops in and says it with flowers. It is the open season for poetry. Love has us coming and going. Bird notes turn us cuckoo. Buttonholes bring out the best in us. Girls cause palpitation of the heart. Age cuts up something awful. Youth is full of spirit. Everybody dresses up.

Forward, March, most human of all months! Come in like a lion, if you will, but close the door as you go out. Come in like a lamb and we'll give you something that will make you feel like a lion as you go out.

Good old March! You have more pep than the whole year put together. With all your income taxes, we love you still.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



"HAVE YOU SEEN IRWIN LATELY? REALLY, IT WOULD BREAK YOUR HEART TO SEE IRWIN. HE'S UP AT THE HOUSE NOW. COME ON OVER AND SEE HIM!"

We Want Doheny!

(An Editorial Plea for Efficient Government)

NOW is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Now is the time for all—

This is a presidential year, and the citizens of our broad land have the chance to select a new administration to govern them and to misappropriate their funds. Shall we neglect the opportunities which were handed down to us by our illustrious forebears? No, no, no (1000 times).

When we select our President next November, let us have him designate as Cabinet ministers those men who will run the country anyway. We want Doheny and Sinclair and the rest. Let us send them into the Capitol through the front door, instead of forcing them to sneak in through the rear entrance as they have done in the past.

Many of our most powerful Government officials have been mere agents—placed in office for purposes of salesmanship on a commission basis. We need closer co-operation between producer and consumer.

Let us DO AWAY WITH THE MIDDLEMAN!

He merely clogs the Government machinery and complicates the red-tape.

If we must be gypped, let us be gypped in a straightforward and workmanlike manner.

We want Doheny!

R. E. S.

Impolite Society

POLITENESS is a dangerous thing for the ordinary man to fool with. If you aren't careful how you use it, somebody is certainly going to take it personally and think you are trying to get money out of him—or else that you are from the backwoods, where people don't know any better.

But with many people politeness doesn't mean this at all; with many people it is an affliction. While they were thinking about something else it grew on them and nobody had the decency to warn them until it was too late. The only way these people can keep from being misunderstood is to deal only with persons in the same predicament; once politeness has got you, there's not much you can do about it.

The time to correct it is, of course, when you are young. If the child is normal, he can be taken in hand as late in life as ten or twelve and rid of the habit, but the earlier the training is begun the more certain is the cure. Indeed, the average child, if left to himself, won't contract politeness at all, which fact must serve to strengthen our faith in the innate wisdom of the human mind.

Of course, if the child is going to be an established person or a genius, the problem of politeness needn't bother him; he can do almost anything and get away with it. But the wisest course is to have every child trained in rudeness; he is then on the safe side in case he shouldn't become an established person or a genius. In fact, if he can acquire enough dexterity with rudeness, there's no reason why he shouldn't become established or be mistaken for a genius, and after that he may with impunity put rudeness aside. Let the young man on his way through the world realize that rudeness is his stoutest staff; politeness he can always take up when he is old.

Berry Fleming.



Freddy Frog: PHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE. THIS POND ISN'T SAFE SINCE THEY MADE A WATER HAZARD OF IT.

If

IF I were a Congressman—
I would never wear a soft black felt hat,
I would never wear a frock coat,
I would preach preparedness,
I would practice it, too,
Ditto whichever way I felt about Prohibition,
It's disheartening to think I can't even get the nomination.

A. C. M. A

Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

Your mother and I were not astonished to find in this morning's paper the report of your marriage headed, "Banker's Son Takes Bride from Chorus." Had we been surprised, the energy you have expended in the last five years teaching us to be surprised at nothing would have been wasted.

After talking it over, your mother and I concluded that perhaps a sensible, practical, hard-working and ambitious girl from the chorus would be a better wife for you than one from among our friends. If she can see something in you to admire and is willing to be the helpmate of a man as poor as you will be with your allowance stopped she may be rewarded in eight or ten years by finding you earning a hundred dollars a month or so.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



SOLO BY MR. SINCLAIR

"MY LITTLE GRAY DOME IN THE WEST."

Costs

MY love goes out to many things,
To matinees and teas,
And little pain her spending brings
For such events as these.

My love has social calls to make,
And since we keep a car,
I must admit the cost is jake
For such as these things are.

The opera enthalls my love,
But even as I pay
I manage, with a stealthy shove,
To push the wolf away.

But, oh, my heart begins to skid
Upon each ribbed ridge
When—she will always overbid—
My love goes out to bridge.

J. K. M.

THE Capitol begins to look like the
House of a Thousand Scandals.



"WELL, TH' LABOR PARTY'S IN POWER IN ENGLAND. AIN'T IT AMAZIN'?"
"OH! I DUNNO, IT'S WHAT'S GOIN' T' HAPPEN RIGHT HERE IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES."



Life's Horoscope for 1924

Cast by Georgius Capella Charted by Hogarthus the Younger

Now Cometh March, the Third Month, which is named for Mars, a turbulent and disturbing Fellow. And his Month is so, likewise, being ushered in under the Sign of Aries, the Ram. Therefore We will see in this Time much Riot and Clamour, in especial among our Legislators.

Weather of All Flavours will rush about the World and Boreas will be much out of hand. Umbrellas should be worn closed and Nether Garments tight-reefed, for the Wind is no respecter of Persons.

Many Kites will be flown, actual and abstract. Strings will part and Fragile Machines be cast to the Ground, for all Men fly some sort of Kite or Other.

On the Fifth Day will be observed the Holy Day of Ash-Wednesday and the Season of Repentance will begin. Some will depart for warm Climes where They may frolic unobserved, but Most will remain at Home in that Position which is a Part of Life, their Eyes raised toward Heaven, their Noses on the Grindstone.

During the Fasting Season there will be Respite from the Talk which hath disturbed our Churchmen, and Fair Ladies may Pray undisturbed or Plan their Headgear for Easter Day.

The Seventeenth Day is set apart in Honour of Saint Patrick, who cast all Snakes out of the Irish Land, shutting them up in Bottles, Flasks and the like, where Men still seek Them, Aye, and find Them too.

Mariners on the Sea will encounter Storms and will do well to cast Oil on the troubled Waters, while our stout Ship of State will likewise meet with Rough Going, so that her Crew will strive to cast Water on the troubled Oil. Yet This is but a Tempest in a Teapot.

Throughout the Month will come Days of bright Warmth and Men will say, Lo, Spring is come. But let them beware, for They will plough their Way homeward through much Snow and a great Coughing will be heard in the Land. But on the Twentieth Day the Vernal Season will be formally opened. Birds will sing, Forsythia and Pussy-Willow will deck our Umbrellas, and our Little Ones will troop Homeward bearing Violets and Skunk-Cabbage from the Wood.



Peace Advocate: NOW TAKE BACK EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID AGAINST THIS PEACE PLAN OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February 28th Up betimes, and off in high spirits to my sempstress. For once I have been forehanded in the matter of raiment. There is for me a certain sadness in the springtime, but I find that my dolour is diminished by the possession of apparel that anticipates the mode, and so this year when Mistress Millay's April comes down her hill, babbling like an idiot and strewing flowers, I shall greet her in a brave black satin surtout instead of a garment which has earned its service stripes.... Enid Byrd to luncheon with me, and the poor zany did tell me that she had fallen in love again, and did ask what she could do to extricate herself from so miserable a condition. So, after some reflection, I did advise her to buy all of her footgear one size too small, a pinching boot being, methinks, an unfailing magnet for its wearer's attention. But I gravely doubt that Enid will heed my counsel, forasmuch as those struck by the dart of Eros cherish their wound, however great its pain.... With the Bannings to the playhouse in the evening, and Sam drank three beakers from the usher's tray after the first act, confiding that he always drank water when he got the chance.

February 29th Lay late, pondering such silly matters as the probability of carbonic's explosion if boiled and how Japanese feel in American clothes, and then up and off to see Nell Haskins at her inn, and she did tell me of the shadow that had fallen across her life through a friend's
(Continued on page 32)

Oil

IN his very readable little book, Noah Webster tells us that oil is "n. A greasy or unctuous liquid, of vegetable, animal or mineral origin, insoluble in water." How true that is, as I shall not bother to point out.

Oil is found chiefly in the ground in Pennsylvania, and in smaller quantities on pavements under automobiles; it comes in wells, cans, and on the hair of leading juvenile actors.

Some people find oil very easily, but ex-Secretary Fall is finding it very difficult indeed. If you should ever find oil, you will need either a derrick or a Senate Investigating Committee; any good, solid wooden structure will do. Then you must also get permission to make use of the oil you find; this is called a "lease," which may be obtained from the Navy Department.

If you need money to finance getting this lease, any one will be glad to lend you \$100,000 or so on a note. This will not obligate you in any way, as it is the custom to tear the signers' names off these documents.

Oil is used largely for lighting. The best results are obtained when oil is crossed with juniper, making oil of juniper; when this in turn is crossed with alcohol, a very high point of illumination is reached almost instantaneously. The illuminee is then said to be "well oiled." A. C. M. Asoy, Jr.

PEGGY: What makes her so happy?
POLLY: She's so terribly unhappy.



THE SENATE TAKES THE PLEDGE

"WE SOLEMNLY SWEAR NEVER TO TOUCH ANOTHER DROP OF OIL."

Life Lines

A GAME for the kiddies in Washington: "Doheny-Meenie-Minie-Dough."

••

Madame Marcia's prediction that a terrible calamity would occur in 1924 has come true. Valentino has published a book of poems.

••

The project to raise anthropoid apes in Florida has been indorsed by Harvard University. It is hoped that the experiment will yield at least one good fullback.

••

All Washington has a standing invitation to drop in on the oil investigators and take teapot luck with them.

••

Attorney-General Daugherty complains that the attacks on him are inspired by malice. Well, we suppose that's as good a name for it as any.

••

Mr. Doheny's passion for American cabinets is understood by antique collectors, anyhow.

••

The presidential race won't be a success unless some one runs on a "prize contest" platform.

••

Israel Zangwill has observed that the New York reporters didn't know whether he was a prize fighter or an actor. Well, which is he?

••

Holding up the tourist along the East Coast of Florida is only according to tradition. The entire peninsula is shaped like an automatic.

••

Events of American history, if laid end to end, would reach all the way from the Boston Tea Party to the Fall of Teapot Dome.

••

Premier Poincaré has protested against the rapidity with which Americans can get divorces in Paris. Why don't those French people mind their own business?



THE NAVAL RESERVE

Station Platform Thinking

AFTER all, the men in our suburb are a prosperous-looking lot. Probably a dependable rule would be, the bigger the mortgage the snappier the man. The odd part of it is, these are all sons of old-timers who thought a mortgage on the home was a disgrace. Home-owning is a great institution. America should try it some day.

One nice thing about owning your home is that you are afraid to make your own repairs, and thus save a great

deal of money. No man wants to ruin his own plumbing system. So he hires it done and saves his property.

In a rented house a handy man can do as much damage as a volunteer fire department. In our town when a house takes fire the owners always put off turning in the alarm until the last minute. They know if the department does not get there the house may be destroyed; if it does get there it will be.

McCready Huston.



Jane: I'LL MARRY A SELF-MADE MAN OR NONE.

Mary: BUT THINK OF THE TROUBLE OF MAKING HIM OVER.

The Whole Truth!

(Stenographic Report of the Examination of Dabney Dough-packer in Congressional Inquiry)

Q. DID you or did you not receive exclusive rights to the National Borax Reserves at Soup Tureen Mountain?

A. I'll say I did.

Q. From whom did you get these rights?

A. From Webster Jay Applejack.

Q. Who is Webster Jay Applejack?

A. Secretary of the Exterior.

Q. Did you give him any consideration?

A. Nothing at all.

Q. What happened next?

A. I made him a loan of a million dollars.

Q. What for?

A. I knew he'd be a good fellow when he had it.

Q. How did you give him this money?

A. In a golf bag.

Q. Why in a golf bag?

A. It was the only bag I had that would hold a full five gallons of money.

Q. Why didn't you send it by parcels post?

A. I wanted him to get the money the same year.

Q. What did he want this huge sum of money for?

A. He was giving a house party and had to buy a case of synthetic gin.

Q. Isn't it true that you gave him this money in payment for the borax reserves?

A. No, sir. It was just a case of one old friend helping another.

Q. What established this friendship?

A. We were soya bean hunters together in Massachusetts as boys. Once a soya bean hunter always a soya bean hunter. There are very few left.

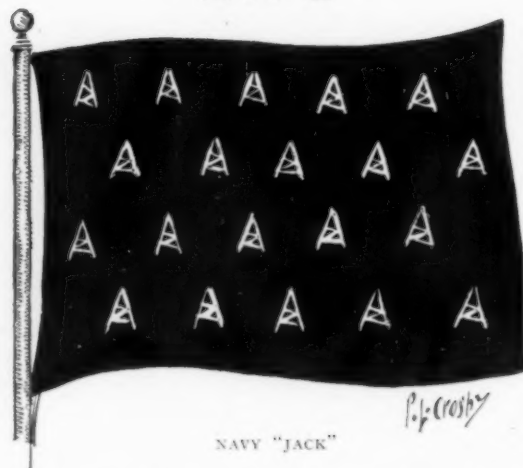
Q. What? Beans?

A. No. Bean hunters.

Q. But why should one soya bean hunter give another soya bean hunter a million dollars?

A. I felt sorry for him. He always had tough luck. When we went hunting together I always got all the beans.

Q. In other words, it was



NAVY "JACK"

with him a case of having no bean.

A. You said a mouthful.

Q. When was he to pay you back this million dollars?

A. It might be for years and it might be forever.

Q. You mean to tell this committee that you let a friend have a cool million dollars with no definite understanding about paying it back?

A. Sure. What's a million bucks to me? When I'm feeling right I give away twice that without noticing it.

Q. How are you feeling to-day?

CHAIRMAN (sternly): Recess for twenty minutes while I settle that question for myself.

H. I. Phillips.

SHE: Would you lay down your life for me?

HE: For how long?



Capital and Labor

WHEN Capital wore high silk hats,
White whiskers, waistcoats,
cuffs and spats,
And flourished gold-topped
canes, we knew,
Beyond all question, who was
who.

When Labor posed in paper caps
And denim overalls, perhaps,
And did not ape the idle rich,
One likewise gathered which
was which.

But now economists agree
That Tweedledum is Tweedle-
dee;

Our world is sadly out of plumb,
And Tweedledee is Tweedledum.

For, drudging hard for small returns
And trebly taxed on what he earns
To live precisely like his neighbor,
Poor Capital laments, "That's labor!"

While, since the worker everywhere,
Intent to get the lion's share,
Contrives to skim the cream and lap it
all.

Exultant Labor laughs, "That's capital!"
Arthur Guiterman.

The New-Voes are Always in the Limelight

THE New-Voes are always in the limelight.

It's turned on them wherever they go.
And they go almost everywhere.

They always have the best table at the latest cabaret. And, of course, their box at the Opera. And front-row seats for every musical comedy in town. And their pictures in the papers every day. We are always reading about their entertaining at lunch. Or at dinner and the theatre. Or at the races. Or at a small dance. (A small dance of several thousand.) And we are always being told of their dashing off to Europe. Or returning from China. Or spending the summer here. Or the winter there.

You simply can't help hearing about the New-Voes. They're always in the limelight. It's turned on them wherever they go. C. G. S.



Oil's Well That Ends Well

Declares Souder, in Speaking of Silver Linings

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Endowed by nature with a sunny disposition, I like not only to seek the brighter side of life but to pass it on to others. Had not my country called me to her service, I really feel that I might have done something big with my pen, like Mrs. Stratton-Porter and other of our better writers.

Yet, even here in Washington, I find many little ways of spreading cheer. In turning down appeals from disabled veterans and others who write to me for aid, I never fail to add some homely bit of philosophy, some little breath of sunshine, to brighten their way.

And so too now

I feel it is my mission to point out to the people of America that even the cloud of the oil lease scandals which still hangs dark upon our shores has, like certain pockets, a silver lining.

In our distress over the episode we should not lose sight of how much it has done to brighten family life in America. I like to picture to myself hundreds of little home circles all over our great country poring happily over the latest revelations in the evening paper, or animatedly telling one another that they had always suspected the newest eminent personage involved, who has admitted having had offices in the same building as Mr. Doheny in the year 1912.

Since family life

is after all the backbone of the nation, we should welcome anything that gives a new force and zest to its daily routine. But more important,

of course, is the opportunity that has been given the nation to learn at first-hand what a really upright, noble group of men its representatives in Washington are. Since the oil leases became prominent we have spent virtually all our time burning with righteous indignation, shuddering with righteous loathing, and denouncing with the most righteous scorn this other fellow's slip from the path of rectitude. The Capitol is fairly bursting with Honor, Integrity and devotion to Duty.

It has really been very inspiring to us. And incidentally, it has materially put off the time when we shall have to make up our minds about tax reduction, the Bonus and other bothersome matters that may cost votes.

Most important

of all, however, is that the oil lease scandal marks a great forward step, a complete revolution in the politics of the nation, which will noticeably simplify the task of both voter and candidate at the coming elections.

Credit for this

must go to those leaders of Congress who, equipped for their work both by instinct and long training, were quick to turn the inquiry from its original narrow purpose—that of merely punishing the guilty and wiping the blot so far as possible from our national Government—into the broader pastures of partisan politics. The voter, of course, will scarcely appreciate the benefits of the political oil age until the elections; yet I can assure him the benefits are real and definite.

For example,

in explaining the indubitable advantage of my one hundred per cent. surtax rates over Secretary Mellon's proposal, I shall not bother his head, nor mine, with figures. I shall merely prove that an under-employee of the Treasury is known to have invested his aged aunt's savings in oil stock—which effectively knocks Mr. Mellon's arguments into a cocked hat.

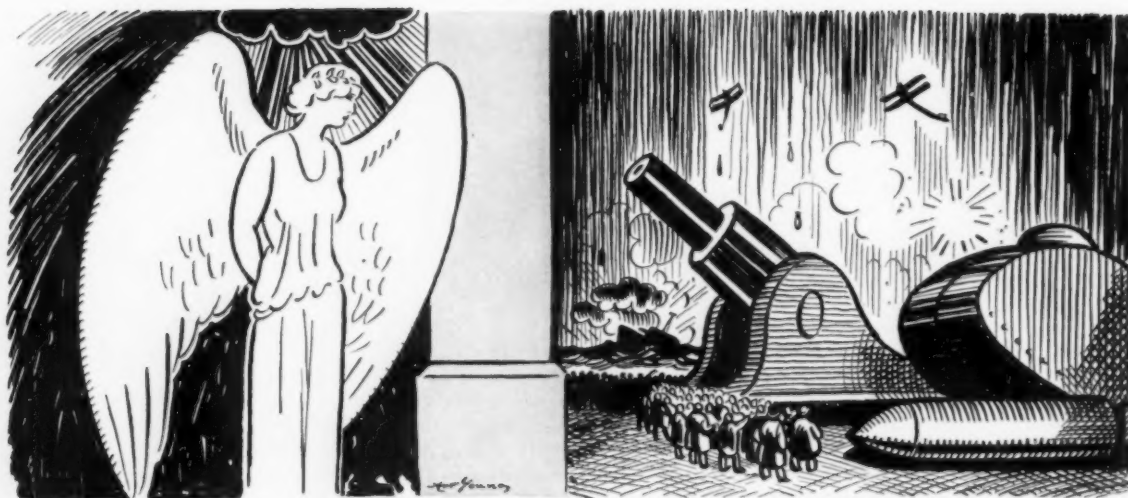
American participation

in the World Court will come down simply to this: Have the members of the Court any knowledge, through the newspapers or otherwise, that certain oil lands of our Government have by fraud



THE SENATE DISCUSSES THE OIL SCANDAL. (SENATORS WALSH AND LENROOT, WHO KNOW MOST ABOUT IT, IN THE FOREGROUND.)

(Continued on page 29)



"THE KIND OF A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET"

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

Industries Rally to Support Strife Scheme

THE Senatorial investigation of LIFE's War Prize Contest has been delayed until the members of the investigating committee get their new costumes. The old ones, worn in the cross-examination of Edward W. Bok, show rough usage and have had to be discarded.

Public hearings on the question are scheduled to commence as soon as the uniform makers come across. At that time, the Senate is expected to express its indignation at what it terms an infringement by amateurs of its own inalienable right to conceive, promote and execute war.

In the meantime, LIFE is enlisting all the support available. That it will have plenty of solid backing in its fight is attested by the following communication:

JOSEPH L. GONNICK CANTILEVER
BRIDGE CO.
Office of the President.

Editor, "Life Magazine."

DEAR SIR:

My attention has been called to a statement that you intend offering a "War Plan Prize." If such is the case I wish to enlist the services of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Co. and its foreign units to a man. I was a dollar-a-year man in Washington during the first six months of 1918, until business pressure forced me to relinquish my

duties there. I wish to say the fifty cents I received for my services are the proudest medals I own. The \$3,067,740 in earnings from my regular business during that period shrink into insignificance by comparison.

Many of my old desk mates in "war times" are still in Washington, I believe. If my services in interesting them in your plan are of any use, please let me know. I think the country is ripe for war and the Cantilever Bridge Industry is ready.

Sincerely,
(Signed) JOSEPH L. GONNICK.

Mr. Gonnick's ringing words encourage LIFE to new efforts, and the campaign for Bigger and Better Wars will be pushed to the limit. The Contest is open to every one, and is subject only to the conditions set forth in the

accompanying statement. If you have any workable suggestions for promoting another Big, Rousing World Conflict, send them in at once. We hope to get the fighting started by April 30.

The prizes in this significant Contest are as follows:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, members of "patriotic" defense societies and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.
4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

NEXT WEEK LIFE will publish the first of the contributions in the War Prize Contest. Every reader may vote for his favorite suggestion.

**We want
bigger
and better
Wars!**



If the Congressional Record Had an Advertising Section

FOR SALE—Slightly used set of farm blocs, only one or two missing. Apply "Hiram," Gen. Del., California.

PERSONAL—Would like to meet John T. King; will accept money from him anywhere, no reasonable amount refused; no questions asked. "Impoverished."

OPPORTUNITY—Who wants nice Presidential Boom, A1 condition? Present owner has no further use for it. Will sell cheap or what have you? Apply W. G. McA., Los Angeles. mwttf.

U. S. NAVY
YOUNG MAN, UNCLE SAM WANTS
You!

The Navy now has openings for vigorous young Americans, who will appreciate a Good Job at Good Pay, on the new Oil Wells which have just been put in commission.

LEARN A TRADE!—Riggers, Drillers, Blasters, Engine Men, Pipe Layers, Line Bosses, Lease Holders, Cabinet Officers are wanted. Pay while learning, including bonuses.

JOIN THE NAVY AND SEIZE THE WORLD.

EXPERIENCED SALESMEN WANTED—A number of experienced oil-stock salesmen are needed at once on good paying proposition. Details sent in plain wrapper. Write "Petroleum," c/o U. S. Senate.

HAIR DRESSING—Get a "La Follette" Permanent Wave, something really radical. Democrats scalped at short notice. WISCONSIN BEAUTY SHOPPE ask for "Bob."

MAGIC! TRICKS!

FOOL ALL YOUR FRIENDS!
Learn how to say one thing, and mean another. Be able to look queer and act even more so. Mystify your constituents, make Big Money!

CONGRESS CONJURERS, INC.
JAY ST., WASHINGTON.

THE SENATE GYMNASIUM—Classes now forming for spring session. Buck



She: ONE COCKTAIL GOES TO MY HEAD.
He: WHICH ONE?

passing, fund juggling, veto overriding, log rolling, bluff throwing side stepping issues, etc., thoroughly taught. Will put you in tiptop condition. Only few minutes each day necessary. Apply any anteroom, Capitol.

FOR EXCHANGE—Bonus bill for good number of votes Boob, Washington, D. C.

OLD CLOTHES—Select line of soft black hats, elastic side boots, string ties, frock coats; just the thing for "Friend of Common People" disguise. Also nice lot of dirt, suitable for "Dirt Farmers." A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

March Maunderings

THIS is said to be the first month of spring. You notice, however, that the fellow who said it left no record. Probably he and his family were quietly done away with.

At that, spring cannot be more than five hundred wave-lengths away. I thought I heard tomcats on my radio last night.

Fellows who bragged that they took a cold plunge every morning during the winter will soon be able to resume bathing.

It is time to think about my spring clothes. I must call up the dry cleaners'. McCready Huston.



MARCH 6, 1924

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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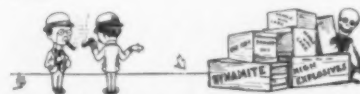


MR. VANDERLIP spoke out very loud in meeting about the reports that double its value was paid for Mr. Harding's *Marion Star*. He has been soundly scolded for what he said about it. The unknown but exalted person who writes the large-print editorials in Mr. Curtis's *New York Evening Post*, speaks of him as "one of the sorriest of the many sorry figures who have come before the Senate Oil Committee." Possibly Mr. Vanderlip is sorry for what he said because it has made him a lot of trouble, but in our judgment he did a very useful service. The gossip about the *Marion Star* met one at every turn. It bothered every one who cared for Mr. Harding's reputation. Mr. Vanderlip exposed it and immediately it evaporated. The true price paid for the paper came out and it was not excessive. Mr. Vanderlip did a good job. He might have done it more skilfully and avoided trouble, but as it was, the only person he was not kind to was himself.

Would that all the political scandals now prevalent could be blown away as easily as that about the *Marion Star*, but the too, too solid oil refuses to melt. Really, however, these Washington matters, though they are mighty interesting, are not the great news of the world. The exploits of Secretary Fall and the revolting malfeasances of Colonel Forbes of the Veterans' Bureau do marvelously disclose how much the voters did when they threw the Democrats out by a seven-million majority besides endorsing the refusal of the Battalion of Death to join the League. Day after day it is disclosed, and redisclosed with more particulars, that

Mr. Harding was nominated by men who wanted some one who would do, or allow to be done, precisely what they wanted done. They seem to have rejected in that upper room in the Blackstone Hotel all candidates who did not meet these requirements. Under Mr. Harding's indulgent rule their wishes had somewhat too triumphant a fruitage, the consequences of which now embarrass them and their party, and prosper all the healing aims they practiced to defeat.

But the great news of the world is not about these Washington matters. It is that Ramsay Macdonald is Premier of England. Mr. Wilson is dead but Macdonald is alive and seems to be working for the things that Mr. Wilson believed the world needed and himself tried to help it attain. How long he will last is the question. To be Premier of England, with revolution running deep through all the world, is a job fit to tax the utmost strength of a seasoned man.



REMARKING on the oil mess, the *Springfield Republican* declares that "the upstart, braggart millionaires of the Sinclair and Doheny type will lay their oily palms on the government of the United States at their peril."

This is harsh language to use about Sinclair and Doheny, particularly Doheny, who does not own a racehorse and seemed to be in training to be a really great philanthropist. How can one establish Foundations, enrich colleges, relieve the wants of teachers, put medicine on its legs, feed the starving in Europe and do all such things in the grand way, unless somehow he can get the means to do them? One may invoke a blessing with an empty hand,

fingers up, but for visible, material relief there needs to be something in one's palm. We ought to think then of Doheny as one who was, possibly, accumulating funds for some great purpose of benevolence, and practicing a little relief by the way as he went along to keep his heart from hardening.

Of course if his benefactions had been less associated with officers of government with power or influence over matters concerning oil, it would have been better; oh, yes; a good deal better; but when one sees a great benefactor in the making, one must not be too squeamish about details, and particularly when he has to do with oil, which is slippery stuff and prone to impart its characteristic to folks who handle it.

Doheny is evidently a man fond of his friends, who has already done a good deal for many people, some of them highly deserving, and would have benefited many more if the chance had offered and he could get the money. One almost laments to see his career blighted by premature or inopportune exposure or interference. There was every prospect that he would make a wonderful philanthropist if only he was allowed to get the oil. Possibly he may still make a figure in philanthropy, for such men are hard to stop, and it has not yet appeared that Doheny has done anything to make him jailable.

The likeliest non-political result of the oil exposures would seem to be a rise in the price of gasoline.



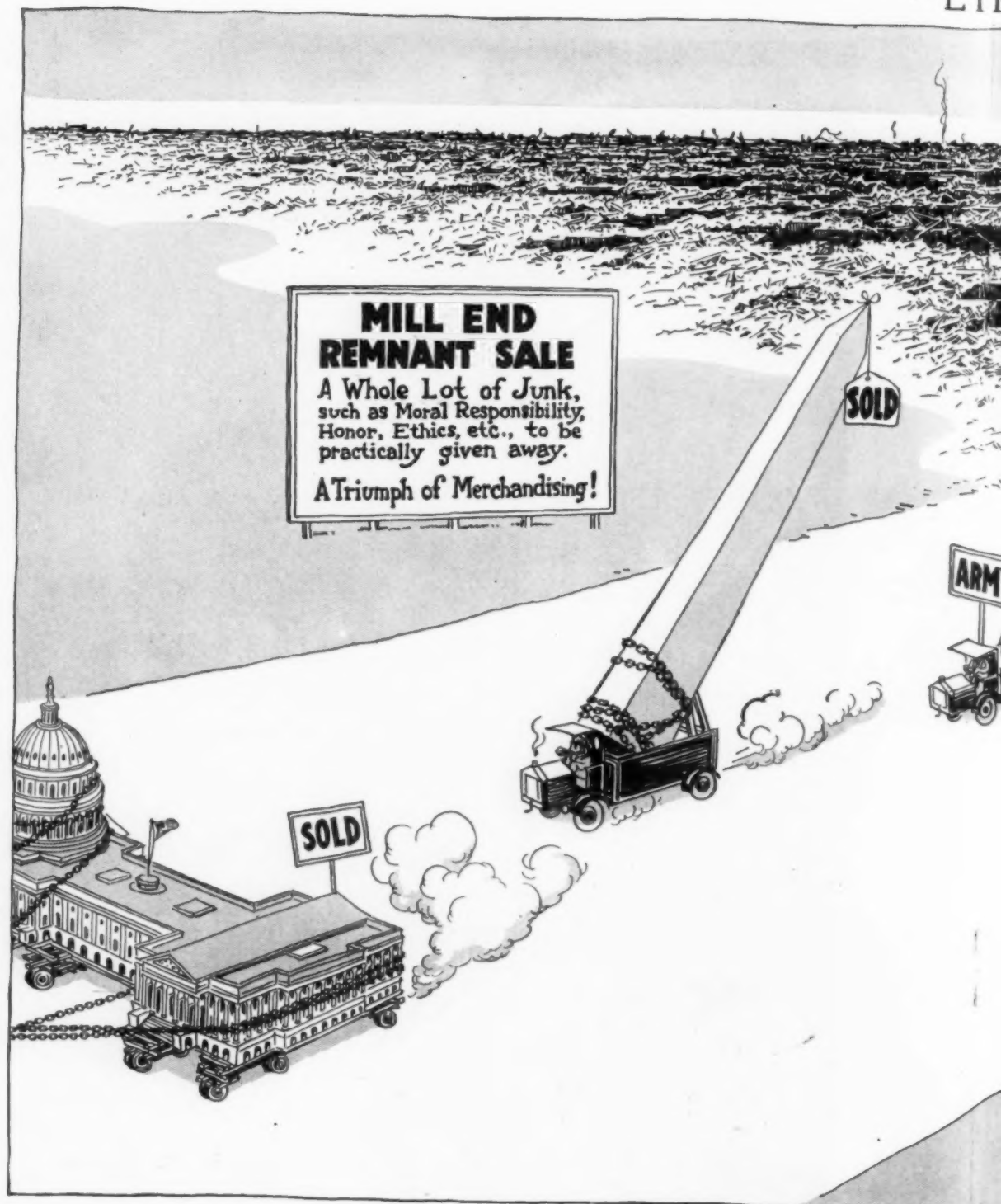
IF a man feels a serious need to be President of the United States, he may do well to take vows of poverty. Money may help him, but it must be other people's money.

The idea of acquiring a fortune and then going into politics is altogether too much like the idea of acquiring a fortune and then going in for the Christian life.

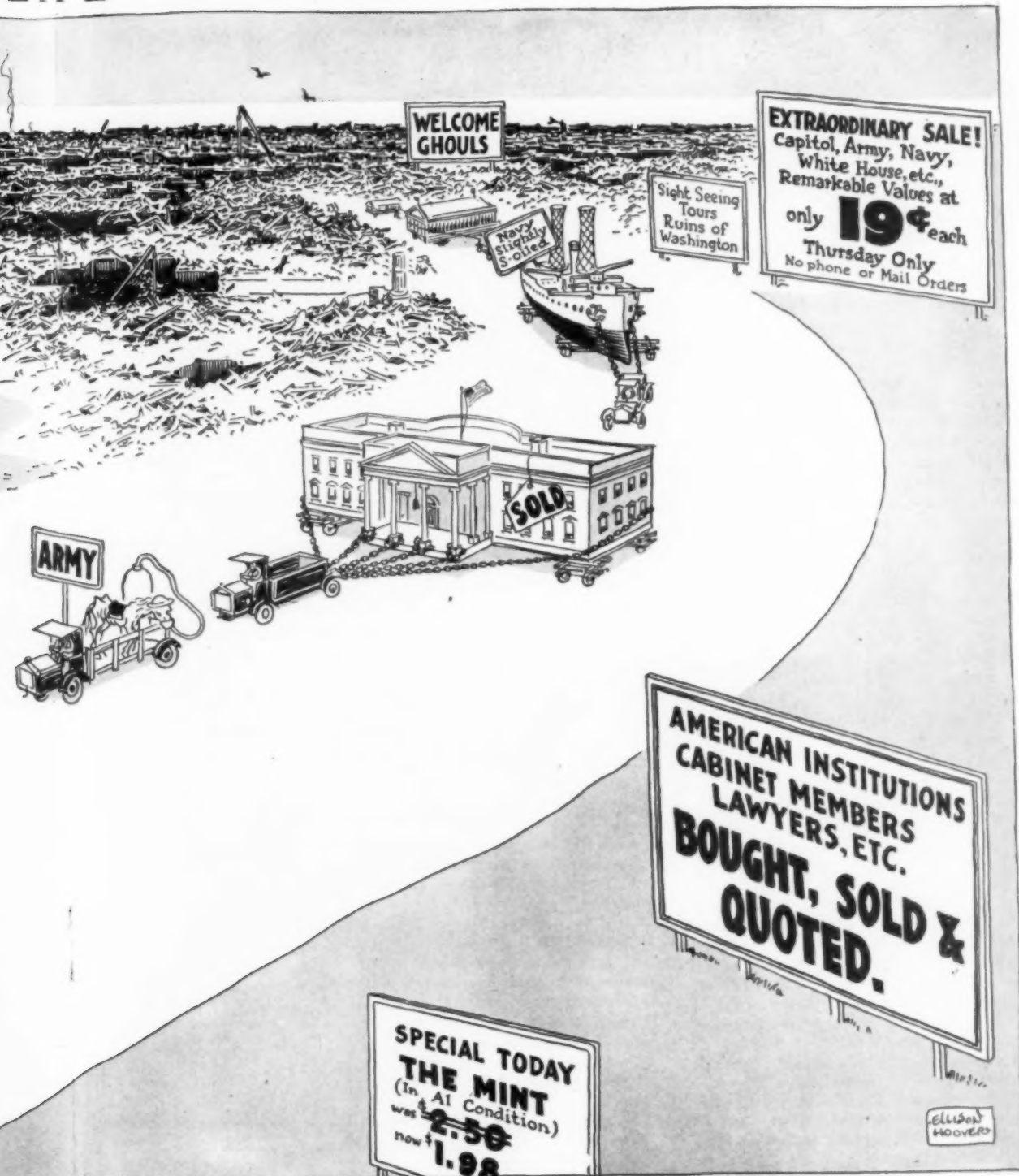
It isn't done successfully that way. It seems to be expected of presidential candidates that they shall take no thought for the morrow. Possibly experience of living in the shadow of financial anxieties is necessary to the development of that sympathy with the common lot and that faith in Providence that belong to the equipment of a successful President. *E. S. Martin.*



MORGIANA OF MONTANA



Bargain Day in V
If the craze for Government



h Day in Washington
Government property continues



Very Encouraging

JUST to be mean, this department has always tried to find the faults in the *opera* of the Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly and dwell on them at perhaps a disproportionate length. In "Dulcy," "To the Ladies!" "Merton of the Movies" and "The Deep Tangled Wildwood" we dragged out little flaws for inspection, chiefly because we feared that if we said how much we really liked them we should be investigated by the Senate and found guilty of once having had lunch with the team of playwrights in question.

But in the face of "Beggar on Horseback" we must break down and admit that the boys are good. In fact, when it comes to satiric manipulation of the smug elements in our complacent civilization, such as business efficiency, literary standardization, artistic streetwalking, and other evidences that the Man in the Street is King, there seems to be no one in the field of playwriting to-day who is within shouting distance of this pair.

Of course, there have been dream-plays before. And there have been impressionistic attacks on some of the things attacked in "Beggar on Horseback," notably in "The Adding Machine" and "Roger Bloomer." So the authors of the present opus can scarcely be called pioneers, although it is, as a matter of fact, a development of the claim which they did stake out as pioneers in "Dulcy" and which they have dug at in every play they have done since: the kidding of the great Business Bunk and Allied Bunks in other fields.



WHAT makes "Beggar on Horseback" remarkable is that, wholly aside from its message, it is very funny. It is a good show. Roland Young, as the young musician who has one of the longest Freudian experiences in the history of dreams (8:30 until 11 p. m.), is an actor of such gentle skill that he has illuminated many inferior rôles in the past and now finds himself in something worthy of his efforts, if you can call his smooth and quiet technique an effort. The rest of the cast, especially George Barbier in the delectable trial scene, couldn't be much better than they are, and although we are one of the peasant type of playgoer who starts squirming along about the third minute of a pantomime, we must admit that, if a pantomime *must* be had, the one devised by Deems Taylor and executed by George Mitchell and a six-million-dollar blonde by the name of (let's see) Ruzt-Nissen is the best possible way out of the difficulty.

As an added feature, a mock newspaper is distributed between the acts which alone contains enough gorgeous clowning to make the paltry price of admission a privilege to pay.



A PLAY of everyday married life has to be awfully good these days to stand in competition with the dozens that we have seen in the last two years. There was a time when all you had to do was have a wife say to the husband across the breakfast-table: "Don't forget to bring home those curtain-rings to-night," and every one in the audience laughed and said: "How good!" But there must be something else in a home-life comedy now, especially with "The Show-Off," "The Potters" and "The Goose Hangs High" all in town at once.

"New Toys" unfortunately hasn't much to distinguish it, so far as its text goes, from the eighteen or nineteen like it which jumped into the boat after "The First Year." But it has Ernest Truex and that is a great deal for any play to have. His work in "New Toys" has a delicacy of humor which is just about as high as you can go in that particular field of comedy. And as, in our opinion, that particular field is just about as high as you can go in comedy anyway, it may be worked out on the fingers of one hand what we think of Mr. Truex.



IN the terrific nuisance of compiling the Confidential Guide on the opposite page, we have suddenly realized why it is so much more difficult to make it smart-sounding this year than it ever has been before. There are too many good plays in town. You can't summarize a good play in anything but banal phrases. In no season that we have any record of has there been such a list of successful and notable productions, every one of which should be seen if the theatre means anything at all to you. May we specify?

"Cyrano de Bergerac"	"Fashion"
"Hell-Bent fer Heaven"	"The Potters"
"The Miracle"	"The Show-Off"
"Outward Bound"	"The Swan"
"Rain"	"The Song and Dance Man"
"Saint Joan"	(for Mr. Cohan)
"Tarnish"	"Sun-Up"
"Beggar on Horseback"	

And plenty of others at which you will thoroughly enjoy yourself. All in all, a Big Year, if we may be allowed the phrase.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Antony and Cleopatra. *Lyceum*—Jane Cowl confirming Shakespeare's estimate of the famous Lady Friend.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's splendid production of a splendid play.

Hell-Bent for Heaven. *Frazee*—One of the season's most interesting characterizations, set in an equally interesting story of the havoc wrought by a religious fanatic.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova paying and paying and paying.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Good murder mystery.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore better than his rôle of melancholy clown.

The Living Mask. *Punch and Judy*—Pirandello's dramatized discussion of insanity and who is insane.

The Miracle. *Century*—A spectacle so magnificent as to defy summarization.

Mister Pitt. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Zona Gale's novel, "Birth," made into a poignantly moving chronicle of a Poor Fish's troubles.

The Moonflower. *Astor*—To be reviewed next week.

The New Englander. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A three-act bout with Conscience.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—Steaming into the Infinite in a thrilling and remarkable play.

Rain. *Mazine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels still in the lead.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Shaw's version of the Maid's apprenticeship to sainthood, decidedly worth seeing.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—This and "Abie's Irish Rose" arise to mock this department in its dreams.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—The stirrings of patriotism in the backwoods breast shown in a quietly vivid manner.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—An excellent play dealing with Man's little weakness.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—The African dry-rot and its effect on the Nordic constitution.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The one thing that will keep us from being President of the United States.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—Delightful revival of a comedy written in 1845.

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge in cheerio.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The Younger Generation at home, and very amusing and instructive, too.

Gypsy Jim. *Forty-Ninth St.*—A lesson for us all, with Leo Carrillo.

Meet the Wife. *Klano*—Mary Boland in a quandary with two husbands.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Old New York when it was Irish, made bearable by the combined charm of Grace George and Laura Hope Crews.

The Nervous Wreck. *Som H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in hilarious farce.

New Toys. *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Other Rose. *Morocco*—Vanilla, with Fay Bainter and Henry Hull.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—A time-exposure of American home-life, in which you detect with delight members of your own and others' families.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Must be seen.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan showing what acting should be.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Good, amusing dirt, helped along by an excellent cast.

The Swan. *Cort*—A thoroughly distinguished comedy, with Eva Le Gallienne.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Fairly low in the scale.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—A revue from London that shows us all up.

The Chiffon Girl. *Lyric*—To be reviewed next week.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor on the crest of the wave.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Where "I Love You" comes from.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Some good tunes and Ada May.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in a very nice little show.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—A great many tunes.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Has run a long time, so it must be better than we thought it at first.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Lots to look at, and Mr. Frank Tinney.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the best.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—Negro show de luxe.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and his daughter in a family triumph.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney in person.

Topics of 1923. *Winter Garden*—Delysia and several other good laughs.

Wildflower. *Cannoo*—Still the best score in town.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice and others in what must be a good show by now.



HAL SKELLY AND MARY HAY IN "MARY JANE MCKANE."



Skippy: SAY, FELLERS! SUPPOSE YA TAKE A WALK OVER TO THE HOUSE 'N' MAYBE I'LL DIG UP SOMETHING OUT O' THE PANTRY.



Skippy: AFTER WE HAVE A COUPLE O' CAKES I'D LIKE YA TO MEET POP.

Chorus: WHERE ARE THE CAKES?



Skippy: PAPA, LOOK AT THE ROTTEN REPORT CARD THESE GUYS IN MY CLASS GOT TO TAKE HOME—NOTHIN' BUT D'S.



Skippy: NOW THAT CROWD'D GIVE A POCKETFUL O' GLASSIES TO BRING HOME C'S LIKE ME.

Skippy

The Penitent

THEY told her—they who seem to know
All precepts on this earth below—
That she must guard her tongue each day,
And learn to say a stinging nay;
That she must never once confess
That she would rather answer yes!
That if she did, she would but make
Her tender heart with anguish ache—
That gaunt remorse would sear her soul,
Exacting fearful, tearful toll.

And so she walked both stern and straight,
So very circumspect her gait,
She might as well have been a nun,
For any little spark of fun
Struck from the tinder of her heart.
And now she sits alone—apart,
And feels intense and sad regret . . .

O'er kisses that she did not get!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

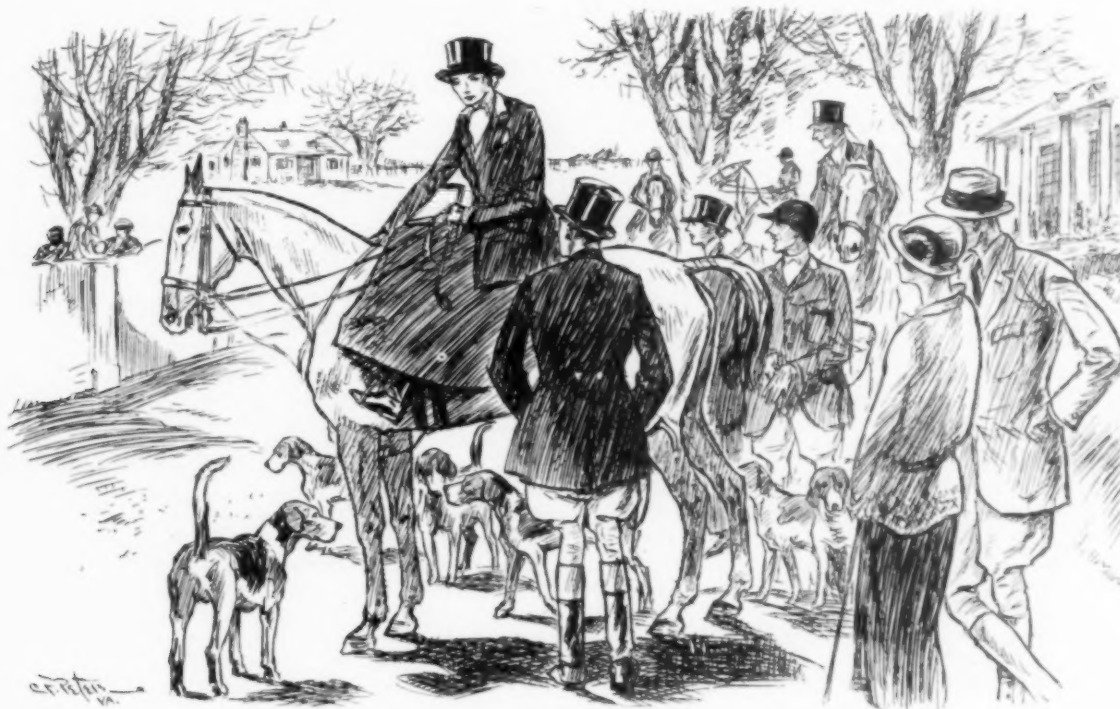
Literature to Match

SWEET YOUNG THING (*dashing into bookshop*): I want a book that will go well with a yellow dress I'm wearing to-night in a low light for a man of thirty in the bond business!



Postman: WHY DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT GIVE US A LIVING WAGE?

Congressman: MY FRIEND, THINK OF BEING AN EMPLOYEE OF THE GREATEST NATION IN THE WORLD! THINK OF IT, MAN! WHERE IS YOUR PATRIOTISM?



"THEY HAVEN'T MUCH IN COMMON, HAVE THEY?"
"NO, THEY'VE SPENT IT."



BACK in the 'nineties, the appearance of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward was regarded in England as a European event, according to Miss Rose Macaulay in "Told by an Idiot." It almost seems as if the same attitude should hold to-day for Miss May Sinclair. Her literary progression as the years have passed has been obvious to the most indifferent observer, and now she has achieved a medium which is flawless. Clarity of vision and economy of expression—what could the angels more?

In her new and badly titled novel, "A Cure of Souls" (Macmillan), Miss Sinclair has made a second excursion along the alleys of egotism. This time she subjects a member of the clergy to as pitiless an analysis as she made of a member of the landed gentry in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." But in "A Cure of Souls" the research is more concentrated and intense, and for that reason the book is not so interesting—except for its method—as its forerunner. The author has done her work so well that after about ten pages of the selfish *Canon Chamberlain*, who wanted nothing in the world beyond his own peace and comfort, I wanted to put him out of my life forever by flinging the book across the room. He was *too* unpleasant.

"A Cure of Souls" is a one-man novel, but it contains a characterization of a female religious fanatic which deserves a good place in the Sinclair gallery.

IF conditions among the undergraduates in our colleges and universities are anything like those revealed by Percy Marks in "The Plastic Age" (Century), then we should immediately stop sending foreign missionaries to civilize the heathen and turn our attention to academic conditions right here at home. In the pages of this

novel, the ivied walls so celebrated in song and story cover not only a multitude of sins, but an inconglomerate mass of profane and disgusting conversation. I assume that Mr. Marks is a realist, because if he were not, "The Plastic Age" would have no *raison*

shock to find youths from civilized families talking and reacting as the Sanford students talk and react. The quotation of Wordsworth's Ode in the midst of such material seemed almost sacrilegious. All this sounds, of course, like John S. Sumner, but that isn't the way it is meant. My quarrel is not with Mr. Marks. In fact, I am inclined to believe that he has disguised a tract as a novel, and is inviting us all over to Macedonia.

IF the Princess Bibesco has any enemies, they will be delighted with her latest effort, "The Fir and the Palm" (Putnam), which doesn't quite come off, in spite of the fact that Professor Gilbert Murray has contributed to it a special translation of the Heine poem containing its theme. I myself am exceedingly sorry, because when the Princess gave us "Balloons," I came out with the admission that I was willing to let her do all the writing in the Asquith family.

The trouble is, I think, that she has been too ambitious in attempting a novel. She should stick to the shorter form wherein her special talent does not overleap itself. She has an epigrammatic twist and a realization of what goes

on behind monocles and under tiaras. These assets are not the stuff of which plots are made.

"The Fir and the Palm" centers about a lovely young woman transplanted by a great match from poverty to one of the finest houses in England. A large number of glittering people move through its pages, affording the Princess frequent opportunities for her brilliant flashes of insight and dialogue. It can never be said that she does not know the world whereof she speaks. In conclusion, a sample epigram: "A faint touch of disdain is born, not made."

Diana Warwick.



SIGNS OF SPRING
THE FIRST "BIRDIE"

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Boy: NO, SIR, I'M ONLY UP TO WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES.

If Fairy Stories Were Reported Now

SAINT CYR, FRANCE.—Government officials, persons prominent in society and members of the Société Française Aéronautique were present here to-day when the French ace, Monsieur Cow, broke the world's altitude record by flying over the moon. His landing was attended by the wildest celebration and disorder, during which Mlle. Phyllis Dish, whose father is an attaché in the Foreign Office, was reported to have eloped with her chauffeur, a man by the name of Spoon. The police are investigating.

BERLIN, GERMANY.—Public opinion here was aroused to-day over the case of Frau Fanny Hubbard, widow of Herr Oberst-Lieutenant Frederick Hubbard, who, according to reports sent yesterday to the Office of Food Rations,



"THE POLICE WERE SCOURING THE NEIGHBORHOOD."

was living alone and in straitened circumstances on the outskirts of town with only her dog for company. Neither of the two, it was said, had tasted food for several days as Frau Hubbard's cupboard was found to be bare. The police are investigating.

WINSTED, CONN.—A tuffet of sufficient size to permit a child of ordinary weight to sit upon it was found here to-day by a farmer two miles from town, who discovered Gladys, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mumford Muffet, sitting on the tuffet eating lunch. The child is alleged to have been badly frightened by a spider. The police are investigating.

HILTON, N. J.—One person was injured, perhaps fatally, and another suffered bruises and minor contusions here to-day when, yielding to the operation
(Continued on page 33)



BACK in the 'nineties, the appearance of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward was regarded in England as a European event, according to Miss Rose Macaulay in "Told by an Idiot." It almost seems as if the same attitude should hold to-day for Miss May Sinclair. Her literary progression as the years have passed has been obvious to the most indifferent observer, and now she has achieved a medium which is flawless. Clarity of vision and economy of expression—what could the angels more?

In her new and badly titled novel, "A Cure of Souls" (Macmillan), Miss Sinclair has made a second excursion along the alleys of egotism. This time she subjects a member of the clergy to as pitiless an analysis as she made of a member of the landed gentry in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." But in "A Cure of Souls" the research is more concentrated and intense, and for that reason the book is not so interesting—except for its method—as its forerunner. The author has done her work so well that after about ten pages of the selfish *Canon Chamberlain*, who wanted nothing in the world beyond his own peace and comfort, I wanted to put him out of my life forever by flinging the book across the room. He was *too* unpleasant.

"A Cure of Souls" is a one-man novel, but it contains a characterization of a female religious fanatic which deserves a good place in the Sinclair gallery.

IF conditions among the undergraduates in our colleges and universities are anything like those revealed by Percy Marks in "The Plastic Age" (Century), then we should immediately stop sending foreign missionaries to civilize the heathen and turn our attention to academic conditions right here at home. In the pages of this

novel, the ivied walls so celebrated in song and story cover not only a multitude of sins, but an inconglomerate mass of profane and disgusting conversation. I assume that Mr. Marks is a realist, because if he were not, "The Plastic Age" would have no *raison*

shock to find youths from civilized families talking and reacting as the Sanford students talk and react. The quotation of Wordsworth's Ode in the midst of such material seemed almost sacrilegious. All this sounds, of course, like John S. Sumner, but that

isn't the way it is meant. My quarrel is not with Mr. Marks. In fact, I am inclined to believe that he has disguised a tract as a novel, and is inviting us all over to Macedonia.

IF the Princess Bibesco has any enemies, they will be delighted with her latest effort, "The Fir and the Palm" (Putnam), which doesn't quite come off, in spite of the fact that Professor Gilbert Murray has contributed to it a special translation of the Heine poem containing its theme. I myself am exceedingly sorry, because when the Princess gave us "Balloons," I came out with the admission that I was willing to let her do all the writing in the Asquith family.

The trouble is, I think, that she has been too ambitious in attempting a novel. She should stick to the shorter form wherein her special talent does not overleap itself. She has an epigrammatic twist and a realization of what goes

on behind monocles and under tiaras. These assets are not the stuff of which plots are made.

"The Fir and the Palm" centers about a lovely young woman transplanted by a great match from poverty to one of the finest houses in England. A large number of glittering people move through its pages, affording the Princess frequent opportunities for her brilliant flashes of insight and dialogue. It can never be said that she does not know the world whereof she speaks. In conclusion, a sample epigram: "A faint touch of disdain is born, not made."

Diana Warwick.



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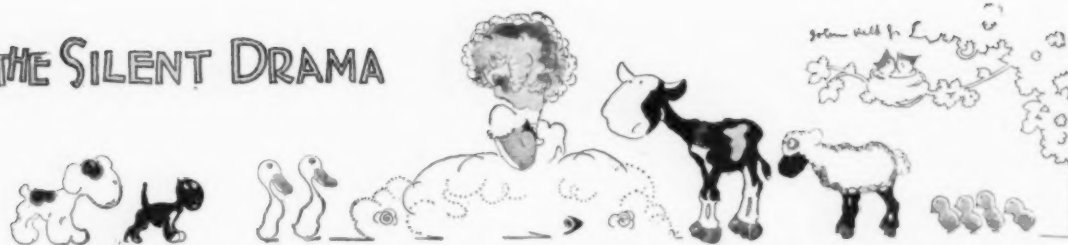
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(Continued on page 33)

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Daddies"

WHEN I admitted my weakness for Jackie Coogan and for pictures like "Big Brother" and "Pied Piper Malone," I didn't intend to convey the impression that I had actually gone blind on the subject. There are limits for even the most maudlin sentimentality. "Daddies" is one of them.

In one scene in "Daddies," the hero is shown drinking a cup of coffee while he gazes mooningly through the window at the heroine, who is simpering over a bunch of wildflowers in the garden outside. As he gazes, he starts dropping lumps of sugar into the coffee, until he has deposited at least eight in the cup.

If you can imagine the taste of this coffee, you will have an excellent idea of the consistency of "Daddies." It contains vast quantities of sugar, a few dozen saccharine tablets and several bottles of glucose. It is sweet to the point of sickishness.

Mae Marsh plays the orphan heroine of "Daddies," and I am compelled to report that she is just terrible. It is shocking to say a thing like that about Mae Marsh. I assure you that I had rather criticize my own grandmother.

"The Yankee Consul"

DOUGLAS MACLEAN seems to be conducting a revival meeting for all the famous farces which have adorned the stage since Raymond Hitchcock first discovered the comic possibilities in a forelock. He has done "The Hottentot," "Going Up" and "The Yankee Consul," and he is now working on "Never Say Die."

"The Yankee Consul," which is the current MacLean attraction, is even faster and more furious than the rest.

It is also more pretentious. Mr. MacLean has constructed a number of elaborate settings—châteaux and so forth—which he uses as hurdles.

There is also in "The Yankee Consul" an episode on shipboard, with the inevitable seasick humor. Mr. MacLean carries this off well, without crossing the boundary line which divides good taste from bad. Any comedian who can do this deserves to be hailed as Master.

"The Next Corner"

THERE is one good thing about pictures like "The Next Corner": you can close your eyes at any given point in the story and, when you wake up, you can give an accurate account of all that has happened during your nap.

For instance, you see a flighty young wife whose husband has gone to South America on business, leaving her to shift for herself in Paris. You close your eyes and keep them shut for about three reels, knowing that when you open them you will find her running wild and about to be seduced by an unscrupulous cad with a mustache and patent leather hair.

Once more you can settle back to a doze, while the villain (who runs on schedule time) carries the girl to his castle in Spain. Your slumber need not be disturbed by apprehension as to her fate. The fellow will be murdered by an aged laborer whose daughter had fallen victim to him in some previous stage of his evil career. Then the husband will return from South America, there will be mutual forgiveness, a few tears, and bright hopes for the future.

Perhaps, though, it would be better if you stayed home in the first place. An orchestra seat, at best, is not nearly so comfortable as a bed.

The Talkies

THE years and years of patient labor which have been expended on the development of the talking movie have at last brought forth a device in which synchronization is perfect. It is called the Phonofilm, and it is the invention of Lee De Forest.

I have seen one of these Phonofilms which illustrates two episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln. The voice follows the action on the screen exactly, giving an effect that is startling, uncanny and just the least bit terrifying.

The Phonofilm, however, is still far from convincing, because, while the inventor has achieved synchronization, he has not as yet been able to reproduce the human voice. The sound that comes forth from the lips of Lincoln is rasping, harsh and excessively loud. Thus, the Gettysburg address possesses the same tonal qualities as a stock-market report on the radio.

WHEN the Phonofilm was first announced, and it seemed that the talking movie would become an actuality, I expressed some concern because it would necessitate the use of a new heading on this department. When I asked for some suggestions from readers of LIFE, I was urged to change the name to "The Unspeakable Drama."

This phrase has its merits, but I fear it is a little too bitter. And, after all, bitterness is the last thing you would expect to find on this optimistic page.

Robert E. Sherwood.





Kodak in the Home

A Kodak record of the children catches them just as they are and keeps them just as they *were*.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet "At Home with the Kodak." You'll find all *indoors* invites your Kodak, too.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Young Scornstatute

A modern young infant said, "Why Should I take Ginger Ale with my Rye?"

With a Scofflaw papa
And Ignordinance ma,
What a lucky Scornstatute am I!"

—New York Tribune.

Disgruntled

"What's the matter now, Grumps?"

"My daughter is wearing knickerbockers and my son is taking a girl's part in the college play."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

COLLEGE STUDENT (preparing for exams): Gee, I wish some one would come in and argue me into going to a show.—New York Herald.

TRAGEDY in a nutshell: Lion and two lion-hunters; lion and one lion-hunter; lion.—Cassell's Magazine.



From the Society Papers—

"AMONG THE MOST ADMIRERS OF THE FERVENT DEVOTEES OF WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ, WE MENTION THE EXQUISITE BARONESS DE SLIDEOFF, WHOSE GRACE AND DASH ARE NOT THE LEAST OF THE CHARMS OF THAT ARISTOCRATIC RESORT."

—La Vie Parisienne.

In Arrears

The secretary of a certain organization received the following answer to a letter asking that dues be paid:

"DEAR MEESTER SECRETARY: I got your letter about the dues due. Now be pachunt. I aint forgot you. Just wait. When some fools pay me I send it. If this was circus day and you were no more prepared to see the monkeys than I ham to pay due dues you wouldn't see you grandfather. Thinking you will do that, Fraternally, BILL TIGHTWAD."

—Western Osteopath.

Corrected

"Niggah, I'se goin' to mash yo' nose all ova yo' face; I'se goin' to push dose teeth down yo' throat and black both yo' eyes—et cetera."

"Black man, you don't mean et cetera, you means vice versa."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

HE: Yes, I come of old-fashioned parents; my mother had only one husband.—Wisconsin Octopus.

MEN who suffer with indigestion have a club of their own in New York. This will be good news for the others.—Punch.

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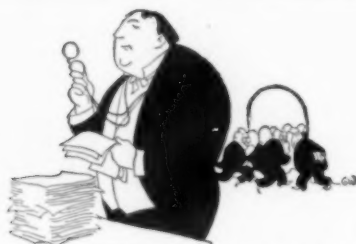
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IN THE CURRENT DEBATE ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HONEST NO ONE HAS TOUCHED SENATOR HEFLIN'S VOLUME OF OUTPUT.

Oil's Well That Ends Well

(Continued from page 13)

or otherwise been leased to private interests? If they have such knowledge—and personally I believe they have—American isolation seems to me clinched for all time.

In short,

the only question for the voter to decide will be whether, because a Republican Cabinet officer laid himself open to the suspicion of corruption, the Democrats spell peace and prosperity for the nation; or whether, because leading Democrats are suspected of having done the corrupting, the Republican party is better equipped to guide the American people to prosperity and peace.

Since no Progressive or Farmer-Laborer has as yet become involved in the scandal, candidates of their political persuasions are, of course, quite out of the running.

Souder.

Before the Hegira

WIFE: I can't find my last year's bathing suit.

HUSBAND: Probably a moth ate it.

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Some Oil Inquiry Definitions

Teapot Dome.....A low grade of intelligence. (See *Solid Ivory*, *Squarehead*, etc.)

"Al's here!".....An expression used frequently at the offices of oil magnates in announcing the arrival of a prominent Government official.

Dough.....Money.

Dough-heny.....Much more money.

"I got it from McLean".....A statement that seems to have been an error.

"I'm not happy".....First used by Mr. Sinclair's private secretary and Archie Roosevelt. Now a slogan for both major political parties.

Naval lease.....Evidently no such thing.

Admiral.....Some one who is sent to foreign service for talking out of his turn.

Black satchel.....Just a little matter between two lifelong friends.

Lid.....Something that is in the ring one moment and in the air the next.

Retainer.....Something the mere mention of which will send any number of prominent political leaders into delirium tremens.

W. G. McAdoo } Innocent bystanders
Thomas Gregory }

Tanks.....Swedish for "Thanks."

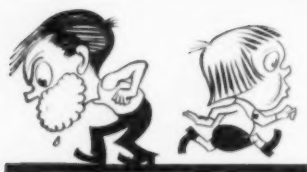
Petroleum.....A word used to start a panic among presidential candidates.

Oyster.....A seasonal bivalve.

Zev.....A horse named for a colonel.

Zeveley.....A colonel named for a horse.

Harry F. Sinclair.....A distinguished traveling man. *H. I. P.*



father do you always have to make those funny faces when you shave just then father dropped his shaving cream cap run away wallace said mother father makes even funnier noises when he loses his shaving cream cap



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Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

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Confidence Renewed

"Look here, Luella," said the young husband, "I can't eat these waffles."

His tone was not unkind, but it was firm. The young wife was astounded.

"Why, honey," said she, "I got a medal at the cooking school for waffles."

"Did you, indeed?"

"I did."

"Let me see the medal."

She brought it and he examined it carefully.

"So you did get a medal. Bring back those waffles and I'll have another try at them."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Juvenilia

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed schoolgirl daughter.

"Oh, yes, Mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife."—Tit-Bits (London).

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"Reminiscences"

Two old soldiers were sitting in front of the Soldiers' Home. Suddenly one of them asked, "Say, Bill, can you remember the first girl you ever kissed?"

The second one scratched his head a moment and then returned, "Shucks, no. I can't even remember the last one."

—Indianapolis News.

A Necessary Reform

Mr. Greene came home from church wringing wet.

"America," he informed his wife, "will be a nobler land to live in when not every American thinks he can keep his religion and somebody else's umbrella."—Popular Magazine.

Nautical

"How do you address the Secretary of the Navy?"

"Your Warship, of course."

—American Legion Weekly.



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"Well, sir, I've figured out every exemption possible; I've had the best legal advice that money would secure; I've done everything I could to dodge it—and I still find that I cannot escape paying an income tax."

"Take her. She's yours."

—Boston Transcript.

DRIVER (rounding a corner on two wheels): You didn't know I could drive a car, did you, old man?

"OLD MAN" (ageing rapidly): N—n—no. Can you?—Punch.

"What style of machine do you drive?"

"A detouring car!"—Kansas City Star.

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"NIBLICK USED TO BE A GOLF NUT—DOES HE STILL FIND TIME TO PLAY NOW THAT HE IS MARRIED?"
"WELL, YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. I SAW HIM OUT IN HIS BACK YARD YESTERDAY BEATING RUGS WITH HIS GOLF CLUBS."



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IDEAL

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— how does it harm your gums ?

MANY OF US feel that we're blocking the path of progress unless we're hitting on all six, every minute of the day. We live on our nerves—we force the pace—and worst of all, we eat too quickly.

Especially with the soft, modern food of today, this hasty eating is ruining our teeth by cheating our gums of the stimulation and massage once provided by rough, coarse food. Soft, bleeding and tender gums are the result. "Pink toothbrush" is the forerunner of worse trouble to come.

Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

To restore gums to a hard, normal condition, thousands of dentists prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have written us that in stubborn cases they direct a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana, because of the presence of *ziratol*, is a great aid in alleviating conditions of tenderness and softness. It is the one great enemy of the "pink toothbrush."

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address.....
City.....
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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

having presented her child with handkerchiefs on which the days of the week are embroidered. The boy will use no other, nor will he desecrate Thursday's linen on a Monday. Off with Nell to the shops, and she bought riotously here and there, but I held back, deeming it the height of folly to purchase aught on the final day of the month. Nor had we time for luncheon, neither, so that when we arrived at the concert hall I was faint from hunger and lamented that eating does not go with art in this country as in Europe, for the sight of a girl with some sausage and Chianti would have been an heavenly apparition. Nor was my discomfort lessened by the woman next to me who munched salted nuts with such evident enjoyment that I was at some pains to maintain my composure. Never have I had so strong a desire to address a perfect stranger.

March 1st

This is my husband's birthday, and the poor wretch was up at break of day to examine the surprise present I had heralded, and when he found it was a case of the Martin Burgundy, I feared he would sit himself down and consume it straightway. But he finally left me to the casting up of accounts, a dreary business, and I forthwith resolved to keep my cheque-book in decimals, forasmuch as giving tradespeople a few odd cents here and there will be cheaper in the long run and more conducive to tranquillity of spirit... A great company at dinner for Sam's anniversary, all very merry, and when he stood up to read his place card, he called off "his blue eyes wild" for "his blue eyes mild," and any compositor beholding him at the moment would have cried "Stet!"

B. L.

The Senator

I AM a Senator of note (dear friends, remember when you vote) On fundamentals bent; Though always suave and circumspect, I frankly do not recollect Just whom I represent. I most untiringly debate appealing problems of my state, But use consideration, For when I can't agree with men upon the whatness of the when, I practice isolation. I take no stock in Edward Bok (Contempt for paltry prizes!), But thought confine to what is mine, And love my own surmises. I have a heart so big and kind there's scarcely room left for my mind; However, count on me, Dear friends, for patriotic art, democracy within my heart, And Justice in my tea.

O. O.

Aspirin

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

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Toothache	Lumbago
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Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

If Fairy Stories Were Reported Now

(Continued from page 25)

of gravity, they fell down a steep incline near this town.

The badly injured—Jack, a fractured skull.

The slightly hurt—Jill, shock and lacerations.

It was reported that the two had fallen while seeking water on a hilltop. The police, unsatisfied with the story, are investigating.

DETROIT, MICH.—Complaints have been made to the authorities here of a goose which goes aimlessly about, upstairs, downstairs and in the boudoirs of various residents. The police are investigating.

LONDON, ENG.—Union shoe manufacturers through their general board voiced a protest here to-day against the use of a glass and supposedly non-union slipper worn by a young woman named Cinderella at a recent Royal ball. The matter is being investigated.

J. A.

Comparisons

JESSE JAMES, says the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, may have been all they say he was, but he never charged seventeen dollars for a short ton of anthracite. Doesn't the *Telegraph* allow for any progress in the world whatever?

AFTER reading accounts of how Mr. Coolidge keeps fit, one comes to the conclusion that it is an accident.



THE CURSE

Liza: I DON'T WANT TO 'URT YOU, NELL, BUT THAT BOY OF YOURS DON'T SEEM TO BE MADE FOR THIS EARTH SOME'OW.

Nell: 'E DON'T? WHY NOT?

Liza: WELL, 'E SEEMS LIKE AS IF 'E'S ALL BRAINS, POOR KID.

—Passing Show (London).

These cigarettes are in a 100% package

What we mean by a 100% package is a package that delivers each and every cigarette in perfect condition to the smoker.

Such a package must preserve the original aroma of the tobacco, and prevent both drying out and absorption of moisture.

Such a package must also preserve the original form of the cigarettes, and protect them from crushing, bending, and breaking.

We believe that the new and improved container in which Reedsdales are packed comes pretty close to the perfect pocket package.



The outer box is light and comfortable in the pocket, yet strong enough to give adequate protection. The inner wrapper

retains the aroma and excludes moisture.

By means of a little "trap-door" flap at one end of the outer box, the package is kept entirely closed while in the pocket, and never opened more than just enough to permit shaking out a single cigarette at a time.

We have taken the trouble to get this improved package because we believe that the Reedsdale Cigarette is worth it—and because the kind of men we expect to smoke Reedsdales take their cigarettes with some seriousness.

Such men do not like to offer their friends, nor smoke themselves, smashed and lop-sided cigarettes fished out of a flattened, twisted packet that looks like the wreck of the *Hesperus*.

So, we repeat, "You're sure to like the package, and very apt to like the cigarette." Over 99% of the men who have tried Reedsdales at our risk have voted for them.

■ ■

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 110 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

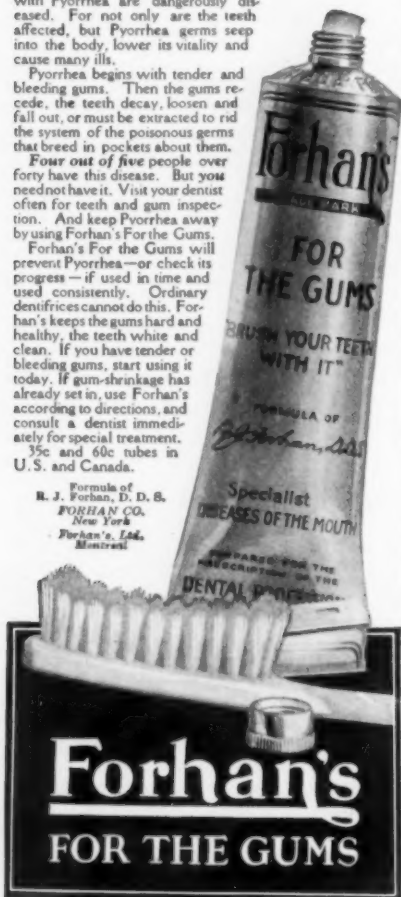
HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them. Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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INSTRUMENTS



A Good Theory Anyhow

"MAN is essentially honest." Dr. Crank Hayne, syndicate essayist, was dictating one of his daily articles. "Integrity is an inborn tendency with him and—just a minute, Miss Blair. I notice you've left the door of that safe open again. It's a dangerous habit. You must be more careful. Now take this—inborn tendency with him and a man will not lie or steal if—just a moment—"

The telephone was ringing. Dr. Hayne picked up the receiver. "Hello—oh, yes, Jenks. I wanted to talk to you about some theft insurance on my new car. Yes, it's a 'twenty-four model Pacillac sedan—seven-passenger. Mail me the policy as soon as possible, will you? Fine. Good-by."

He continued his dictating. "—will not lie or steal if we place proper confidence in him. It is our suspicious, untrusting attitude that prompts him to—just a minute, while I think of it—Jimmie!"

The office boy appeared in answer to his call. "Jimmie, did you phone Henderson and Company about those new locks and burglar alarms for the windows of my country place? Huh? What have I got you hired for? Call them right now before you forget it."

He resumed his dictating. "—untrusting attitude that prompts him to be dishonest. If you trust the world the world will give you a square deal. It will try to live up to the faith which you place in it. It is the suspicious—wait—"

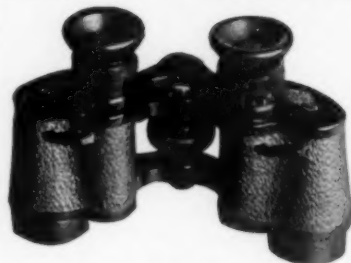
The telephone was ringing again. Dr. Hayne's wife was calling. "Hello, Margaret. Yes, I can meet you in time for lunch, if you finish your shopping in time. Yes, Sherry's will do. And, by the way, remember what I told you about wearing your diamonds downtown. It isn't safe in these crowded shops. Better leave them at home. And, Margaret, another thing—did you discharge that maid? I don't like her looks. She'd probably take anything that wasn't nailed down. Good-by."

"Now—where were we, Miss Blair? Oh, by the way—while I think of it—don't forget that letter about the copyrights. We must be careful to see that every line of my stuff is protected by copyright. Now take this. 'It is the suspicious person who is preyed upon. Man is essentially honest and, if given half a chance—' and so on, in this vein, for ten paragraphs."

"I'm leaving early to-day, Miss Blair. I won't be back until to-morrow morning. Be sure to lock up everything when you leave." B. P.

We hear that the hold-up man who allowed a victim to retain his money because "he looked as though he needed it" has been summarily ejected from the union.

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Insist on having what you want!



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OWING to the widespread demand for copies of the Gibson drawing in memory of Woodrow Wilson, which appeared in the February 21st issue of *LIFE*, a limited number of prints (size 8 in. x 13 in.) have been made on heavy, coated paper, and may be had at 25 cents each, on application to

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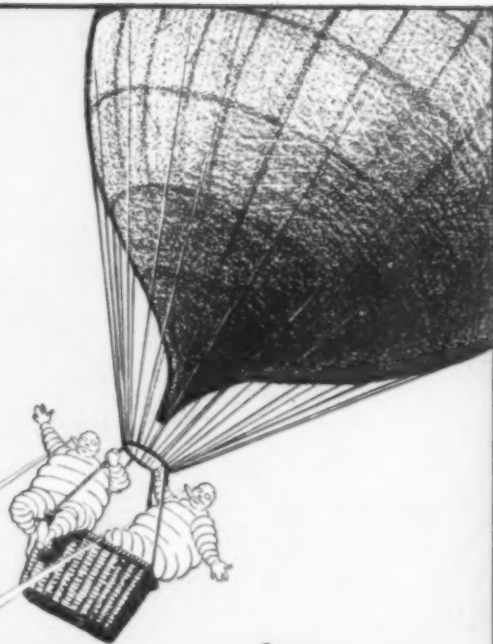
What Are Aliens Doing to Us?
Whom Will They Nominate?
Must Murder be the Price of Coal?
Sir Philip Gibbs on the New British Labor Government
Can the Hereditary Criminal be Eliminated?

Portrait of
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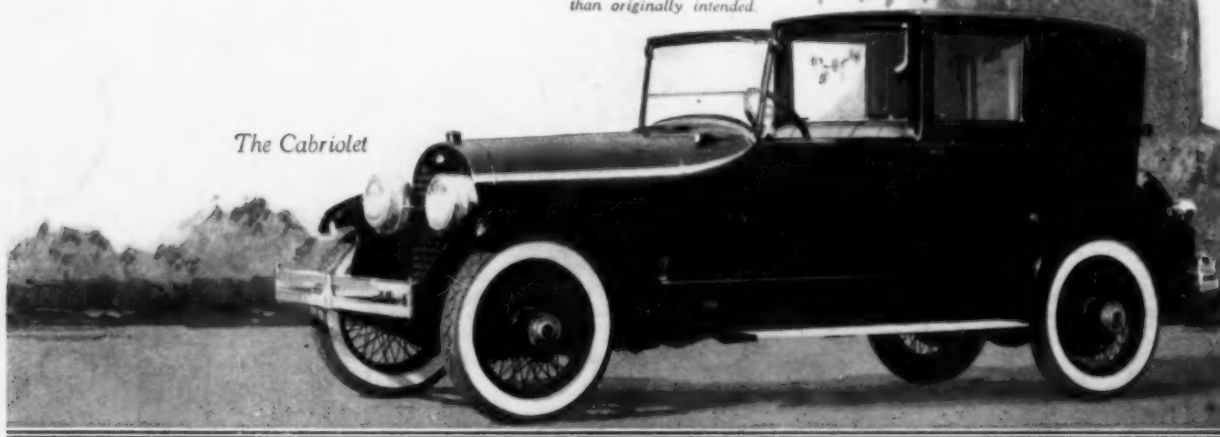
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